The Author's Present to Dr. Flint, Professor of medicine
University St. Andrews. London Octr. 1778.

ENGLAND'S GLORY,

A POEM TO THE KING.

By T. Freeman

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

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14

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And sold by FIELDING and WALKER, No. 20, Paternoster-Row.

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A

P O E M

TO THE

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TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

GEORGE THE THIRD,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND,
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, AND SOFORTH.

SIRE,

AMONGST the Multitude of your Majeſty's loyal Subjects, whoſe Hearts are exhilarated with Obedience, there is none that feels a more ſenſible Satisfaction and Joy than myſelf; or that more religiouſly acknowledges to Heaven the Bleſſing of ſo good, and glorious a King; the Zeal of which has tranſported me to make my Offering of a loyal Poem to your Majeſty, with

with continual Prayers, That your Majesty may long flourish on the Throne, the greatest Monarch in the Universe: And late, Oh! very late, resign this temporal Crown of Glory for an eternal one, to the Royal Successor of your Majesty's own Loins; of which may there never fail a magnanimous Posterity till Time shall be no more. Which is, and ever shall be, the most earnest and devout Petition of

Your Majesty's

Most humble,

Most dutiful,

And most loyal Subject,

September, 1777.

Prujean-Square, opposite Surgeon's Hall,
Ludgate-Street, London.

S. FREEMAN.

Removed to No. 1. Staples Inn, Buildings
Middle Row, Holborn, London.

ENGLAND's GLORY,

A POEM TO THE KING.

LONG had Britannia mourn'd her native Iſle,
Debarr'd of Comfort to excite a Smile;
Long had ſhe view'd bright ALBION's ſinking State,
Torn with Diviſion, threaten'd hard by Fate;
She ſaw their Folly, ſaw th' ALMIGHTY's Hand
Arm'd with fierce Vengeance to deſtroy the Land:
Oft by Correction had his Mercy ſtrove
To bend their Minds to Gratitude and Love;
As a kind Father gently proves the Rod,
To awe his Children, ſo they felt their God:
Blind Paſſions ſtill their Reaſon diſpoſſeſt,
Chooſing to curſe the Land that Heav'n had bleſt.

A Land, through which the Providence Divine
In more perſpicuous Harmony does ſhine,
Wherein the ſacred Pow'r made Choice to ſhow
The Elegancy of his Works below:
Happy the Clime, whoſe juſt Poſition 's ſuch,
No Seaſon reigns too little or too much;
But kindly each on other does depend,
Greets his Succeſſor, and retires a Friend.
Here bounteous HEAV'N, with propitious Grace,
Did beaut'ous Order and rich Nature place.
Here Heat corrects the Cold, and Cold the Heat,
And Mediocrity makes all compleat.
When genuine Warmth has pierc'd the teeming Earth,
Her num'rous offspring ſtruggling in the Birth,
By kind APOLLO's Influence ſet free,
Sprout forth, and flouriſh in their Liberty:
Then HEBE uſhers in the welcome Spring,
While winged Choriſters in Concert ſing:
HIGEIA to each Quarter does repair,
And with balſamic Wings refines the Air:
FLORA in gay Apparel does appear,
And grows more ſumpt'ous with the coming Year.

When TITAN's chearful Face, with vig'rous Rays,
Adds happy Minutes to the fleeting Days,
Drives the dull Shades to Caverns of the Night,
And gilds coy CYNTHIA's Front with modeſt Light;
Then leaves the Goddeſs and her ſpangled Train
To her more ſolemn and retired Reign,
But early claims his borrowed Fire again.
With eager Thirſt he quaffs the fragrant Dew,
Exhales chill Vapours, and reſtores to View
Th' enamell'd Meads, proud Hills, and humble Dales,
Stupendous Mountains, and capacious Vales:
Here a ſtill Grove, and there a purling Stream,
So oft the Lover's Queſt and Poet's Theme:
The fertile Soil with Joy he does embrace,
And ſcatters vital Beams in ev'ry Place;
Ripens the verdant Graſs, and full-ear'd Corn,
While Sun-burnt CERES piles the fruitful Horn;
Plenty and Pleaſure with full Current roll,
And jolly BACCHUS ſtrikes the flowing Bowl

Now ſweaty AUTUMN treads the juicy Vine,
And cluſter'd Wreaths adorn the God of Wine:

ETESIAN

ETESIAN Gales relieve the Reaper's Toil,
And fan, with gentle Breath, the dusty Soil:
Then lusty Hinds their Labours home convey,
And the Burthen past rejoice and play.
The Harvest hous'd, and later Fruits in Store,
Prolific Nature cautiously gives o'er
Her frank Productions, and supinely lies
To gather Energy for fresh Supplies.
In this Cessation fallow lies the Field,
And spreading Trees their tarnish'd Garments yield
To the strong Southern Blast, whose Pinions bear
Thunder, that purifies the sultry Air.

But PHOEBUS now restrains his hot-mouth'd steeds,
And hoary Frost his daz'ling Pomp succeeds;
Uniting with rough BOREAS his Pow'r,
From off the Surface of the Earth devour
Its Dross and Insects; thus refresh'd and freed,
Again 'tis till'd, again receives its Seed;
Which feeble WINTER, shattering and cold.
Grey-headed, wither'd, furrow'd, deep, and old,
Does with just Care in snowy Mantles fold;

And

And frequent Rains produce a flowing Tide,
Moiſt'ning thoſe Parts the Summer Soltice dry'd:
Thus, whilſt the tender Grain in embrio ſleeps,
The aged Sire his kind Indulgence keeps;
But when the infant Blades are ſet at large,
To ſoft FAVONIUS he reſigns his Charge;
Who with the circulating Spring's Attire,
Blows up fond Wiſhes, Joy, and briſk Deſire.

This bleſs'd Abode, by Nature richly dreſt,
Is by a glorious Progeny poſſeſt,
Handſomely form'd, proportion'd, ſtrong and clean,
Of graceful Aſpect, and heroic Mein;
Ev'n CLOE has uncommon Charms to chear
The rural Shades tho' in an humbler Sphere;
To the more radiant Beauties of the Court,
Where Love and all the Graces have Reſort,
And each Perfection far tranſcends Report.

A mighty Genius forms their lofty Mind,
For all that's Good and Great by Heaven's deſign'd;

Sound in their Judgment, and of piercing Wit;
Gen'rous unrein'd, but reſtive in the Bit;
Weighty in Counſel, but in Action bold;
With Temper ſeaſon'd, and by Love controll'd.
Here great APOLLO does predominate;
The Arts and Sciences in Triumph wait,
And PALLAS cultivates the thriving State.

Hence pious Doctrine and judicious Laws,
Advance the ſpiritual and civil Cauſe;
Hence martial Diſcipline their Triumphs rear,
And formidable to the World appear:
Hence, on the Bands of Union and Content,
Is form'd the wiſeſt and beſt Government:
An awful MONARCHY the Nation frees
From Thirſt of Pow'r, and Animoſities
Incident to thoſe Hopes which do ariſe
When Fortune does at Random ſet the Prize:
Hereditary Sway ſtops fatal Strife,
Secures the Peace and Harmony of Life;
Endanger'd with thoſe Ills that creep by Stealth
Into th' Elective Throne, and Common-Wealth:

Yet

Yet an Indulgence to the People 's known,
And gracious Charters to maintain their own:
To happy Property they have Recourſe,
A conſtant Check on arbitrary Force;
From the ſame Sanction Juſtice does derive
The Subject's Right, and Crown's Prerogative:
Uniting ſo their Intereſt in One,
What guards their Privilege defends the Throne:
A wholeſome Eaſe and Liberty they feel
To whet their Courage, and exert their Zeal
To Loyalty, the Source from whence does ſpring
The Public Good and Glory of their King:
For that kind Freedom which extends to all
Muſt ſurely ſink if MONARCHY ſhould fall;
That Prop to each Man's Privilege and Right,
That Curb to bold Oppreſſion and Deſpight:
DEMOCRACY, with its alluring Bait,
Does more enſlave than manumiſe a State;
The Chance that ev'ry one has there of Sway,
Renders it harſh to thoſe who ſhould obey;
Which ſtirring up Contention and Debate,
Compels a Rigor in the Magiſtrate;

For where the Popularity lays Claim,
Who can the many-headed Monſter tame?
Pride, Avarice, and Envy will remain,
And tho' diſmember'd, ſtill ſprout up again;
In all REPUBLICS we this Hydra ſee,
But flatter'd moſt in Ariſtocracy.

This Regal State's on firmer Baſis built,
Without the groſs Incentives to ſuch Guilt;
The Prince and People's Intereſt is the ſame;
The common Welfare is the gen'ral Aim:
Authority does from one Fountain run,
And Juſtice is impartial as the Sun,
To which the pooreſt Peaſant may apply,
Nor fear Repulſe from haughty Tyranny;
No foul Adminiſtration can deſtroy
The free-born Liberty that all enjoy;
Their Property, Law, Privilege, and Right,
Are all defended from voracious Might;
Then with ſtrict Care to propagate the Health,
The Peace and Splendor of the Commonwealth,

This ſtrong Foundation ever may endure,
In Virtue flouriſh, and of Fame ſecure.

As the wiſe Man, who to prolong his Days,
And crown his memorable Years with Praiſe,
By chearful Temperance his Life ſuſtains,
And all luxurious Appetites refrains,
Finds Health in Body, Fortitude in Mind,
And every Senſe and Faculty refin'd,
Knows how encroaching Ills may be ſuppreſt,
And quells the Rebels Paſſions in their Breaſt;

So when a juſt Authority is found
The People's wild Exorbitance to bound,
Leaving a fertile Crop to cheriſh Fame,
An ample Field to build a laſting Name,
Strength to atchieve the nobleſt Enterpriſe,
And Arms againſt domeſtic Enemies,
The groſſer Humour of the State 's kept low,
At leaſt, does not ſo frequently o'erflow;
Thus nothing here 's debarr'd the Brave and Great,
But what would poiſon and pervert the State.

So epidemical that, through Neglect,
The ſoundeſt Conſtitution 'twill infect;
Elſe why has Schiſm, Variance, and Diſcontent,
Crept into this judicious Government?
Why baſe Incendiary's ſuggeſting Fear,
Puddled a Stream that ran ſo ſmooth and clear?
Why droops the Britiſh Genius? But to ſee
A mournful Proſpect of Degen'racy.

Tell me, ye envious Powers, that foment
Unhappy Diſcord in the Malecontent,
Ye who the Halcyon Days of Man inveſt,
And plant fell Batteries againſt his Breaſt,
How got ye Entrance in this aweful State?
So wond'rous pure, ſo eminently great,
Where ev'ry Fortreſs ſeems ſo ſtrongly barr'd,
And not an Avenue without a Guard.

Oh! Vigilance of Hell! thus has it been
Ere uncorrupted Man knew how to ſin,
When in his God-like Station, free from Vice,
Infernal LUCIFER ſtorm'd Paradiſe,

Left

Left nothing uneſſay'd that might deſtroy
The bleſs'd Tranquility he did enjoy;
Yet Reaſon long did Spite and Fraud repel,
Till fatal Pride betray'd the Citadel,
Open'd the Foe a Breach on ev'ry Hand,
And from within did the choice Force diſband;
Subtly Ambition thus at firſt prevail'd,
And on Poſterity a Curſe entail'd;
There ſprung the Mine, and well the Devil knew
Innumerable Evils would enſue;
Man having ſwallow'd the deluding Bait,
Of Ruin and inevitable Fate,
Rack'd with Deſire, no longer did he move,
The Image of his God, all Joy, all Love.
Tumult'ous Cares ſtraight throng'd his anxious Mind,
His Thoughts ſwell'd big, his Hopes were unconfin'd,
Till fanc'ing Want amidſt abundant Store,
He ſtak'd his Heav'n againſt a little more;
Thus graſping at uncertain Happineſs,
Loſt the ſubſtantial Good he did poſſeſs.

Beware, ye Sons of BRITAIN, and adviſe,
Let ſad Experience teach ye to be wiſe;
This ſecond PARADISE, oh hazard not,
The faireſt Fortune, and the nobleſt Lot,
Since that rich Garden in the fragrant EAST,
By you (the Favorites of Heav'n) poſſeſt:
Blaſt not, by Pride and Envy, the Intent
Of your ſublime and firſt Eſtabliſhment;
Grudge not at this Man's Pow'r, or that Man's Port,
But Fortune in a legal Manner court:
Let all your Hearts unanimous appear,
And ſhine in Loyalty within their Sphere;
As well-rais'd Pillars ſtrongly do ſuſtain
A ſtately Edifice, with Care maintain,
Your Country's ancient Grandeur, and apply
To each Defect a proper Remedy:
All dang'rous Innovations ſoon ſuppreſs,
But ſlighter errors tenderly redreſs;
Like wiſe Phyſicians prudently endure
The peeviſh Patient to effect the Cure;
In your Preſcriptions faithfully agree,
Leſt diff'rent means foment the Malady,
And chaſe the Fever to a Lunacy.

To this great Work with Application fly,
Prevent a vile and abject Deſtiny;
That the bright Annals of immortal Fame
May ſtill preſerve, from Infamy and Shame,
Your yet illuſtrious, and triumphant Name.
Among your Senators may never be
Diff'rences rais'd on too much Nicety;
Temper and Moderation, put in Uſe,
A lucky Medium always do produce;
For when, by Inconven'ence, Reaſon's moor'd,
If Obſtinacy be caſt overboard,
Theſe thro' miſchievous Errors will guide right,
Retard their Progreſs, or defeat 'em quite;
Extreme 's an Appellation underſtood
T' exceed the Boundaries of what is good;
A headſtrong Zeal, attendant on Debate,
Ready to ruin and annihilate,
For whether Joy or Sorrow we poſſeſs,
The Pain or Pleaſure 's loſt in the Exceſs,
Like a ſhrill Treble ſcrew'd beyond the Key,
Th' ungrateful Sound confounds all Harmony;

Nor Concord, nor juſt Meaſure can be made,
Till the String crack, or is by Skill allay'd.

That ev'ry Breaſt from Diſcord may be free,
And in the Public Safety all agree,
Let each impart'ally himſelf correct,
From ſecret ſprings the general Defect;
Baniſh the Name of Party as a Bane;
Let private Intereſt wear an honeſt Rein;
Let public Spirits Unity retrieve,
And largely reap the Benefit they give;
Diviſion leaves, ev'n in its beſt Event,
A broken and ill patch'd-up Government,
Unjuſtly pois'd, enervated, diſmay'd,
And always by Sedition over-weigh'd;
Whilſt Amity's ſtrong Chains theſe Ills controul,
Linking each ſingle Welfare to the whole,
So does Self-preſervation recommend
From ev'ry Breaſt the Common-Wealth a Friend.
Avoid the Heat and Fury of Diſpute;
Aim leſs to triumph by it than confute:

Be not officious Perſons to detect
In Poſts of Truſt, but tenderly inſpect
The Slips of Government, and kindly ſtrive
To heal its Wounds without a Corroſive.
Envy not thoſe on whom the Royal Grace
(With juſt Reward) does higheſt Honours place;
But with true Hearts your Country's Fame to raiſe;
Rejoice, and add your Plaudits to their Praiſe;
A Recompence that Virtue would inſtate
In room of thoſe rank Weeds, Diſtruſt and Hate,
Thoſe who poſſeſs it will exert their Store,
And it will thrive where it ne'er grew before.
Where MERIT pleads lay Prejudice aſide,
Nor Juſtice wrong to gratify your Pride;
Do not with aggravating Spirits cloſe,
But ſhun creating of Domeſtic Foes;
By TRUTH itſelf this Maxim has been taught,
Kingdoms divided 'gainſt themſelves are brought
To Deſolation, neither can abide
That Houſe or City where theſe Ills reſide.

Let

Let not Diſſention in Faction fall,
Nor baniſh Charity beyond recal:
With empty Forms let Church and State diſpenſe,
And not contend to open Violence,
Such Breaches but facilitate your Fall;
The common Enemy includes ye all:
'Tis not o'er Part he aims the Victory,
'Tis EUROPE, and the NORTHERN HERESY:
Diff'rence of Judgment ought not to abate
Your joint Protection both of Church and State,
Nor Friendſhip nor Affection alienate:
Since each Profeſſion boldly does deny
Another Means to compaſs Heav'n by
Than what by Uſe or Education's grown
Staunch and familiar to themſelves alone,
Condemning too ſeverely thoſe who chuſe
The Tenets of Salvation they refuſe;
The Humour 's univerſal, nor ſhould be
A Ground for Strife or Animoſity;
And ſince in point of Policy we ſee
The Pagan and the Chriſtian can agree,

What Ground have ye for fatal Difference,
Where the ſame God ye ſerve, and the ſame Prince?
Tho' all Religions extant do profeſs
Abhorence of Uncharitableneſs;
'Tis from that Root of Evil ſprings the taint,
Occaſions Impoſitions and Reſtraint,
That barren Argument, that foul Defence,
No manifeſt Conviction of the Senſe,
Without which Man can never rectify,
Let him raiſe Perſecution ne'er ſo high.
Let all ſuch Feuds then generouſly ceaſe,
And hold the Bond of Unity in Peace,
That whoſe Profeſſion 'tis Chriſt to obey,
May affably be led into the way.
Without APOSTACY then ſafely ſteer,
Of Shoals and Quickſands cautiouſly keep clear;
Sound well your Depth, the careful Plummet ply,
And keep the faithful Compaſs ſtill in Eye,
Leſt, blindly bold, ere ye the Danger ſee,
Ye ſplit upon the Rock of ANARCHY.
In vain to the calm Harbour ye'll look back,
When all your Frights become the common Wrack,

In vain on Law and Ordinance to call,
When rapid Violence confiſcates all.

So reſtleſs Spirits, with impetuous Rage,
Do raiſe thoſe Tempeſts which they can't aſſuage,
In ſecret murmuring their Diſcontent,
And laying load upon the Government,
Viel'd with pretence of Public Good, diſguiſe
Their ſiniſter Attempts from vulgar Eyes;
Who, fond of Novelty, too ſoon give way,
Believe implicitly in all they ſay,
And long the dear Experiment to try
Wherein their vaunted Property does lye;
Miſtake its Good, and level all their Might
Againſt that KINGLY POWER that ſteers it right;
Stung with that Thought no Art can ſtem the Tide
Of clam'rous Ignorance and ſaucy Pride.

As jarring Elements together claſh,
And Waves o'er one another roll and daſh,
Drove back and forward, by each adverſe Wind,
But ſtill in Mutiny are ſtrongly join'd,

No Gale directing to a ſteady Courſe,
Yet bending all beneath its bluſt'ring Force,
REBELLION, when it once has taken Head,
Does with Precipitation wildly ſpread:
Divers Opinions ſoon confound the Cauſe,
And ev'ry one his own Conjecture draws;
Suggeſts ſtrange Ills, and Dangers very near,
And animate their Courage by their Fear;
The Torrent overflows all Reaſon's Bounds,
And their Ring-leaders in the Deluge drowns;
Then ſad Repentance ſhews 'em in Deſpair,
Popular Factions their own Tyrants are,
And nothing can the Helm of Safety ſteer,
But that eſſential Pow'r they ſo much fear,
The Royal Stamp their Freedom muſt reſtore,
Or they muſt never look for Juſtice more;
Which tho' retriev'd, Poſterity may bleed,
And curſe the Folly of the hot-brain Deed.

Thus like a Storm that's gath'ring in the Sky,
At Diſtance whiſpers, but approaching nigh
Exerts its Outrage, no Diſtinction makes,
But with promiſc'ous Fury rends and ſhakes.

The rotten, tott'ring Fabric and the Sound,
The able Plant does with the feeble wound,
All in the common Devaſtation ſhare,
Such Damages as Ages can't repair.

When Spleen o'erweighs the Brain 'tis hard to cure,
Like thoſe infected with the Calenture;
Falſe Proſpects dazzle their diſtemper'd Sight,
And ſtraight unbounded Fancy takes its Flight,
Through ev'ry Oppoſition breaking way,
To plunge themſelves into a boiſt'rous Sea;
No ſooner enter'd but the Fairy Ground
Is turn'd to foaming Billows all around;
Too ſoon, alas! they find the ſad Deceit,
But yet, not ſoon enough to make Retreat;
On their own Strength 'tis Folly to depend,
Nor leave they Pow'r with thoſe that would befriend.

Weigh well th' Event ye turbulent and vain,
Ere ye like Madmen leap into the Main;
Ere from weak Failures, ye ſtrong Ills create,
Yourſelves embarraſs, and involve the ſtate;

By

By raſh and indirect Attempts ye leave
Your Crimes defenceleſs, and your Hopes deceive,
Thus, 'tis the Body Politick ye tear
Tho' of one Price, one Intereſt ye are;
Thus 'tis thoſe gracious Laws ye circumvent,
Pinion their Aid, and cripple their Intent,
Which were for Peace and Unity deſign'd,
The free and ſafe Commerce of Human Kind,
A Scourge by which Injuſtice ſhould be aw'd,
Our Guard at home, our Fortitude abroad:
Laws, which fam'd GREECE and ROME have far excell'd,
Nor Nation ſince the Word has parrallel'd;
Whoſe pious Scope, by ſullen Faction check'd,
Turns the moſt ſolid Good to no Effect;
For what avails that great Intelligence,
Informs each Member with an active Senſe,
Of innate Duty by Inſtinct, when they
Are diſlocated, weak and can't obey?
Nor prevalent Neceſſity, nor Skill,
Can give them Strength to execute its Will,
Yet the pure Intellect is ſtill the ſame,
Tho' the frail Body's indigent and lame:

That Arſenal is eaſy to ſurpriſe
Wherein the Magazine unguarded lies.
Think how that Wretch, juſt taken from the Rack,
With mangled Limbs could ſtand a fierce Attack;
His Judgment knows perhaps to foil the Foe,
But what Relief, alas! is it to know,
Without Ability to act? the Mind
Is doubly rack'd in being thus confin'd:
Th' extended Nerves their ſep'rate Grief forego,
And ſtruggle to oppoſe the mortal Blow;
But unſucceſsful proves the feeble Strife,
To prop the main Machine of ſinking Life.

So fares it with that Nation that withdraws
From Honor's Diſcipline, and Virtue's Laws;
Their ardent Zeal for Glory does abate,
And Diſſolution ſoon o'er-runs the State,
Their Principles corrupt, their Morals taint;
Honeſty does beneath Oppreſſion faint;
Vice does the Reliſh of all Good deprave,
Reaſon's ſuborn'd, and Truth becomes a Slave:

Impartial Juſtice can no more prevail,
Rage whets the Sword, and Profit turns the Scale;
The Spirit of wiſe Counſel does depart,
And Treachery aſſumes the Name of Art;
Vileſt Brutality's received for brave,
And he moſt Politick that's moſt a Knave;
Nature's Imbelliſhments are all revers'd,
And the Contagion ev'ry where diſpers'd:
From this Infection ſprings the black Deſign
That rack the Government, and undermine
Its Baſis, and their Country naked lay
To the next foreign Sword an eaſy Prey;
In vain inteſtine Quarrels they agree,
To join againſt the common Enemy,
Ere they can rally their diſorder'd Aid,
The Blow is given and the Conqueſt made.

As a tall Oak with tow'ring Branches ſpread,
Whoſe periſh'd Root can ſcarce ſupport its Head,
Without Reſiſtance to each Blaſt gives way,
And owes its downfall to its own Decay;

That Country's Safety ſinks where Honor fails;
Where Vice predominates, and Spite prevails.
For where, by Senſuality inſnar'd,
Virtue's Foundation's caſually impair'd,
All noble Fortitude declines the State,
And in its Overthrow muſt terminate;
Spirits debas'd, give ground at the firſt Stroke,
And ſoon ſurrender to the Victor's Yoke:
But ſtrip'd of all they view, in wild Deſpair,
Their preſent Circumſtances and what they were;
Reflect upon their Happineſs of late,
And ſink beneath the Preſſure of their Fate;
Taught by Diſtreſs to eſteem that Store,
Of ſolid Joys they ſlighted heretofore.
Plenty too often palls the Appetite,
But Want's the poignant Sauce that ſets it right.
The Foes then richly ſhine before their Eyes,
In Spoils, their Vanity could not ſuffice,
Nor knew to value till they loſt the Prize;
So Bleſſings ſeldom are right underſtood,
Till we have felt what 'tis to want the Good.

A Series

A Series of Succeſs does oft incline
The active Faculties to lie ſupine;
By long Proſperity we're oft deceiv'd,
And make falſe Steps that ne'er can be retriev'd.
As HANNIBAL by dire Experience knew,
Of Conſequence both dangerous and true,
When he his conq'ring Army did ſurvey,
Diſſolv'd in Luxury at CAPUA,
No more thoſe warlike Troops that ſignaliz'd
Such Proweſs, as the wond'ring World ſurpriz'd;
Who tracing Glory compaſs'd Land and Sea,
Levelling Rocks and Mountains in their Way,
Paſſing through TORRID Heat, and ALPIAN Snow,
Till at their very Walls they dar'd their Foe,
But an effeminate enfeebled Crew,
Whom Vice did to the Enemy ſubdue;
Which blaſting their brave General's great Aim,
Transferr'd unto the Foes immortal Fame.

Rouze, BRITAINS, rouze! from your lethargic Dream,
Stand up with Courage for that noble Scheme

Of Government and Conduct once your own,
Peculiar to this happy Iſle alone:
Renown and Honor do afreſh invite,
And great and promiſing Succeſs excite
To Glory, under the auſpicious Name
Of GEORGE, your Patron, and your King the ſame.

Thenceforth to Virtue wholly bend your Choice,
Nor liſten to the baneful Siren's Voice;
The wiſe Expedient of ULYSSES take,
When firſt th' inhoſpitable Shore you make,
Sure bound, from the Temptation ſafely ſail;
Nor let their Arts nor Treachery avail:
Secur'd by Sentiments of nobleſt Sway,
Fear not a dang'rous Paſſage in your way;
To your Country's Intereſt be laſh'd faſt,
There's your Sheet-Anchor, that be your Main-Maſt.
Let no Diſtinction break that ſacred Tie,
That Precept ever before your Eye,
Their Union fix, in Bands of Concord twine,
And BRITAIN's Patriots in Love combine;

Thus

Thus firmly knit a ſtrong Colossus ſtand,
And ſhake the Univerſe at your Command;
By wiſe Conjectures juſt Concluſions draw,
Protect your Friends, ſtill keep your Foes in awe,
Give Kings their Scepters, and the World her Law.

BRITAIN again erect thy lofty Head,
Fortune's arriv'd, were baſe Detraction fled;
The Cloud's diſpers'd from off thy Hemiſphere,
And thy bright, genuine Virtues all appear:
Now, now's the Time thy Grandeur to repair,
When only BRITAINS ſhall the Credit ſhare,
And thy ſtout Sons their dear-bought Laurels wear,
A brave illuſtr'ous Offspring of thy Own,
Heaven has deſtin'd for this Work alone,
And plac'd Great GEORGE on the Imperial Throne.

Now BRITAIN's Genius once again take Wing,
Inſpire our Senate, General, and King,
May they conjoin'd unanimouſly move,
Strong in the Public Intereſt, firm in Love;

What then ſhould hinder BRITAIN's ſafe Repoſe?
What then ſhould her Victorious Arms oppoſe?
But inbred Factions and domeſtic Foes.
Retard the Progreſs of theſe Ills betimes,
Virtue has yet th' Aſſendant o'er ſuch Crimes;
Nor Strife, nor Fraudulence can long withſtand
Honor, the natural Product of the Land.
By Domeſtic Enemies we're prone to fear
Approaching Danger and Deſtruction near:
From whence Suſpicion ſtrangely gathers Head,
And all Appearances ſtill carry Dread;
Driving 'em wildly to anticipate
Thoſe cauſeleſs Grievances their Doubts create;
Till by their unadviſed Steps they run
Upon that Ruin they deſign'd to ſhun.
Having no lively Taſte of their own Good,
Affairs of State by them ill underſtood,
From that fair Lot, by which they are exempt
From all the Toil and Weight of Management,
To reap, in Eaſe, the Profit and Content,
Which when they for illegal Pow'r withdraw,
Subvert the Conſtitution and the Law,

Their

Their little Skill is by Ambition ſway'd,
The Public Good to private Ends betray'd;
Thus indiſcreetly they their Fate provoke,
And wilfully put on themſelves a Yoke.

IMMORTAL GOD, whoſe Power is immenſe,
Whoſe ſacred Name we fear and reverence,
Whoſe holy Attributes we all adore,
Admire thy Wiſdom, and thy Grace implore,
To whom thy Creatures with Submiſſion bend,
On whom the glorious Hoſt of Heav'n attend,
States, Thrones, and Principalities depend,
Look down with pity on this Nation's Woe,
Redreſs their Grief, avert the fatal Blow:
Let not their Folly pull thy Vengeance down,
But ſpare them: Oh correct, but with a Frown!
Oh ſtill commiſerate thy choſen Land,
And put this Scepter in a righteous Hand;
Under whoſe happy Reign may Peace be found;
Juſtice, and Piety, and Truth abound;
Thy Church may flouriſh, and thy Wrath be fear'd;
Thy HOLY NAME be honor'd and rever'd.

Our Seraphs have in BRUNSWICK's Line obſerv'd
A Heart that ne'er from Virtue's Precept ſwerv'd;
Merit ſufficient in his Self alone,
For this thy ſtubborn People to attone;
A Judgment clear, from all Abuſes free,
Conſpicuous Truth, and deep Sagacity.
A Heav'n of Temperance informs his Breaſt,
Which no unruly Paſſion dare moleſt;
Prudence and Counſel all his Deeds attend;
A gentle Maſter, and a conſtant Friend.
On a ſtrong Rock his Fortitude is built,
Nor ſhook by Hereſy, nor ſtain'd by Guilt:
Amidſt the Storms of each tempeſt'ous State,
He ſtood divinely good, ſerenely great;
Firm and collected in his Self, defy'd
The rougheſt Blaſt of that rapacious Tide.

Long let him ſhine on BRITAIN's awful Throne,
This Scepter, and this Diadem's his own;
To which by ſacred Providence decreed,
He was reſerv'd with Glory to ſucceed.

Who for this People, thy lov'd Nation's ſake,
When Time grew ripe, was deſtin'd to awake
From paſſive Grandeur, and rejoice the Day,
By active Virtue, and imperial Sway.
And thus endu'd with Attributes ſublime,
The vaſt Aſcent his Anceſters did clime
To Honor and Renown, ſhall far tranſcend,
And where their tow'ring Fortune found an End;
Dart forth like the bright Sun in its full Might,
And by his glorious Influence excite
To Deeds of Fame too wond'rous and immenſe
For ought but his ſuperior Excellence.

Mount then, Great Guardian of this happy Land,
At once inſpire and give thy dread Command;
Start out with Vigour on thy noble Race,
And from the Earth, Fraud and Injuſtice chaſe:
Redreſs the Injur'd, and aſſiſt the Brave;
Quell Tyranny, and from Oppreſſion ſave
The Hopeleſs and Diſtreſs'd; eſtabliſh Right,
And put thy daring Enemies to flight:

Stretch forth thy Hand; thy Pow'r is unconfin'd,
And be th' auguſt Protector of Mankind.

See! on thy Call, a matchleſs Race attends,
Whom Heav'n to thy Indulgence recommends,
Replete with Courage, Conduct, Counſel, Skill,
And ſtrong Impulſe to execute thy Will;
For this Heav'n form'd them with a gen'rous Mind,
Prompt to the mighty Acts for them deſign'd;
Made Piety and Virtue ſtill their Aim,
Glory, and Honor, and immortal Fame;
Which ſoaring to an eminent Degree,
Bleſs'd by thy great and gracious Sov'reignty,
Under thy pious and judicious Reign,
The utmoſt Pitch of Glory ſhall obtain.
Theſe marvellous Atchievements to effect,
HEROES and PATRIOTS, the moſt ſelect
That ever yet adorn'd an awful State,
Auſpiciouſly around thy Perſon wait.
View PERCY's ardent, loyal fame, and ſee
Unſhaken FAITH and MAGNANIMITY;

A Stateſman

A Stateſman of profound Experience,
Of Courage, Conduct, and elevated Senſe;
Who ever made ſtrict Loyalty his aim;
His Prince's Glory, and his Country's Fame;
In whom uncommon Excellencies meet,
And Wiſdom has her moſt exalted Seat.

Right Reverend YORK! what Epithets can raiſe
A Character proportion'd to his Praiſe?
Next Divinity he ſeems to move,
With all the glorious Attributes above,
Compos'd of Truth, Integrity, and Love.
With brighteſt Charity his Breaſt is ſtor'd;
Firm to his Truſt, and ſacred in his Word;
Scorning to court gay Fortune's vicious Smile;
An ISRAELITE *indeed in whom there is no Guile.*

Let BATHURST thy juſt Admiration draw,
That eminent Proficient in the Law;
Whoſe early Days Maturity has crown'd;
For EQUITY and JUSTICE moſt renown'd;

Prudent and wary Dangers to prevent;
Deliberate and cautious in Conſent;
Judicious, faithful, diligent, ſecure;
Fit to ſuſtain the Legiſlative Power.

On NORTH ſublime Perfections wait,
A moſt ſubſtantial Pillar of the State;
In all Proceedings circumſpect and ſage,
Nor raſh in Youth, nor negligent in Age;
With perfect good Oeconomy he moves,
And fair Events his Policy approves;
Whoſe Vigilance, and careful Management,
Nor Envy, Art, or Fraud can circumvent.

With juſt Applauſe bright MANSFIELD he is crown'd,
In whom the nobleſt Qualities abound;
A ſprightly Genius, and capacious Mind,
By choiceſt Erudition moſt refin'd;
For lofty Enterprizes well deſign'd;
Whoſe Affability all Hearts engage;
The wiſe and good MECÆNAS of the Age.

Thus Miniſters of exquiſite Report,
Illuminate and ſtrengthen GEORGE's court;
Who, ſtudious of their Country's laſting Fame,
Shall deck his Brows, and aggrandize his Name:
All Foreign Stratagems they ſhall defy;
The Public Credit ever ſtaunch and high;
Nothing ſhall fail for want of a Supply.
At home, abroad, Buſineſs ſhall always be
Attended with Diſpatch, and Secrecy;
Abuſes be reform'd, Danger withſtood,
And no Obſtruction to the common Good.

Even gray Hairs on greener Heads we ſee
Superior Wiſdom and Vivacity.
As to the Glory of the Britiſh Land
Is evident in Great LOUDON's * Command;
Who like young SCIPIO might ſtand Candidate,
That mighty Arbiter 'twixt ROME and Fate,
For MARTIAL Chief, or Civil MAJESTRATE.

* General of the Third Regiment of Foot Guards.

Thoſe

Thoſe eminent Commanders next ſurvey;
Great General HOWE boldly leads the way;
To whom ſhall MARS-LIKE ORFORD render Place;
Whoſe dauntleſs Proweſs claims precedent Grace:
More there remains too num'rous to relate,
Bright Ornaments of this Triumphant State.

Then GEORGE, thy Diſtiny with Joy embrace,
While BRITAIN's Diadem thy Temples grace:
Take it a Pledge of Heaven's eternal Love,
Who Crowns thee here below, hereafter will above.

Henceforth let BRITISH Bards thy Glory ſing,
Exert their Skill while ready Fame takes Wing,
And through the Univerſe thy Triumphs ring.
On this great Theme to eterniſe thy Name,
And all thy vaſt and wond'rous Acts proclaim,
Thy battles fought, thy conqu'ring Laurels won,
WHITEHEAD thy HORACE be, thy VIRGIL JOHNSON.

That charming ORPHEUS, whoſe harmonious Strains
Melts all the tender NYMPHS, and gentle SWAINS,
Kindling in ev'ry Breaſt Love's lambent Fire,
And ſtill attracts, and ſtill new Joys inſpire:
O how would he on ſuch a Subject ſoar,
Full of that Love and Loyalty he bore
His Sov'reign paſt, devolving now on thee,
And fix thy Fame in Immortality!
No more———————

This ſaid, as imperceptible as Air,
Straight to the Court the Goddeſs did repair;
Inſpir'd the King in a true BRITISH Zeal,
And recommended thus the Common-weal.

Thou bear'ſt, Great MONARCH, that heroic Name,
By which the ENGLISH Champion rais'd his Fame;
From which thy Subjects Hearts prognoſticate
Thy laſting Glory, and their riſing State.
Cheriſh th' Affection that on thee they place,
And let their ardent Loyalty find Grace;

Thy Sword like their victorious Guardian draw,
Protecting Virtue, keeping Vice in awe;
Thy pious Prayers like his may Heaven atone,
Procure thy Nation's Bleſſing and thy own;
So may each Day freſh Joys, freſh Laurels bring
To Glorious GEORGE, our PATRON, SAINT, and KING.

VIVAT REX.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 11.DE.33